

Primitive and Innovative

I share empathy rather than gather sympathy when 'tis I who am compassionate so much to barely fathom it.

I'm a precognizant and feral survivor of ephemeral peril.
I'm an amiable character in a parable or fable.

I lift up those who are pushed over.
I hiked too much with this karmic debt as the weight on my shoulders.
I protect the mellow who are preyed upon when kindness presents as meekness and is mistaken for weakness.

I was one of the many easy targets
When I was much too harmless.

I sacrifice when I know I'm owed an apology by the many or the most, not the few. This isn't the reason to do so. I don't misconstrue what's only true to know. I ardently contribute with nothing to prove.

My comrades and I prevail
Over weak regime
Resorts to force
Repeatedly fails to defeat
Our formidable rebellion
This has left a trail in detail.

I'm among those who hadn't chosen to be warriors.
I'll make it known to those who forced this war upon us, they haven't conquered us and won't always rule over us.
They're outwitted and outnumbered by the whole lot of us.

Anarcho-primitivist arsonists are torching corporate conglomerates.
Entourage of rebels wearing hempen camouflage
Gloves and ski masks
Sabotage factories and farms
Without any casualties actually caused.

Green and black flags saluted by
leaderless resistance movement which consists of autonomous cells who rebel to dispel lies by mendacious rapacious statist who quell the populace not to resist.
I foretell such injustice unfortunately persists.

Rebels wearing hempen tie dyed black and green
Mix styrofoam with gasoline.

I barely emphasize enough
I'm always up for rising up

I'm entirely down to burn civilized society down.

I'm primitive and innovative,
Noble savage, known so creative
Forage and scavenge
Nomadic eco rebel for several reasons
'Tis the season for being a Bohemian heathen reaching Zen.

Aroma of medicinal ganja surrounds my aura
Might as well get high as hell
Don't go too far, don't smoke tar.

Dystopian cyborg armies target me
For promoting anarchy so ardently
In fact, this happens almost constantly
Yet somehow still counts as an anomaly.

Our Prophetess foretold what Goddesses revealed.
White and golden protective shield
Concealed like within a forcefield
Purified cleansed and healed.

I listen to the Grateful Dead everyday because it's heady this way.

My comrades and I are nature liberators who resist invaders with our widowmakers. I'm a
DeadHead raver.
I'll rebel with a sabre.

Where would one find a character such as I?
Like when Holden Caulfield
Narrator of the Catcher and the Rye,
wasn't wrong about it all or at all after all.

Always about the Grateful Dead again
When 'tis also rebellion
Singing along with them to Cryptical Envelopment.

Fraggelistic Hippie,
Raggle Taggle Gypsy,
Kedrick the Head Trip
Psypressionist from Connecticut